

OUR DUMB Animals



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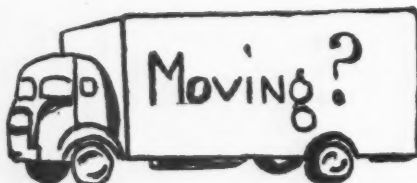
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Just Cat and Dog Societies?

*W*E doubtless shall have to say it again—that the humane societies of this and other lands stand for a cause transcendingly greater than multitudes ever understand. Just cat and dog societies? Is that all they are? Have they no higher aim than to make a little less hard the lot of life's lowly children—beast and bird?

Even if that were all their goal, would it be unworthy of the thought and endeavor of even the wise and thoughtful, when one remembers the debt we owe the beast of the field and the fowl of the air?

Is there any finer virtue than kindness? Have the wars and woes from which the world has suffered from time immemorial found their causes in the wills and ambitions of men of good will and kindly service to their fellow mortals? Of course not!

Yes, societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals do care for the often defenseless children of land and sea and air, but more by far, than what it means to beast and bird, is the reaction upon the characters of the men and women and children of this ennobling and redeeming grace of kindness.

This is the meaning and the supreme purpose of what is more and more being known as Humane Education—the awakening in the heart of youth of what we have called the great virtue—Kindness.

E.H.H.

"Go Home, Prince!"

By NOLAN WELTER

GETTING a black Labrador puppy for his twelfth birthday was the answer to a prayer for our only child. Richard and Saint Croix Prince were pals from the start. As the years passed we came to know and understand our pet. His affectionate nature and willingness to help endeared him to us. He often went with us to the store or to visit a neighbor. If we had any small packages to carry he would beg to carry some, too. When given something, he would wag his tail in appreciation.

Richard is married now and our homes are separated by a quarter of a mile of woods and small fields.

Early one December morning he brought David, his infant son, over for a visit. I agreed to take him home at noon. It was such a pleasure to have the baby with me that before I realized it, it was noon. When I looked out the window I was aware that the weather had become much colder. With the temperature at twenty below and a frigid wind blowing, I hesitated about going out with the baby. Yet there was an urgent need for diapers and formula. What should I do? I knew I couldn't carry him all the way. He couldn't walk and his mother was ill with a bad cold. Oh, why had the temperature continued to drop and the wind to blow with such force? I sat rocking Davy. What should I do? Davy was hungry, he began to cry.

I knew that I had to get out of that rocking chair and do something. Davy's sobs awakened Prince who had been sleeping at my feet. He got up and put his nose on my knee. He was willing to help. Why hadn't I thought of him before? Putting Davy down I went to the phone and called his mother. "Susan," I said "Davy needs some of his formula and diapers. I am going to send Prince over for them.

Put them in a strong paper bag. Watch for Prince."

"I'll be on the look out for him," she answered.

"It's worth a try, anyway", I thought as I put on my stormcoat. I talked to Prince as we went out into the driving wind. At the corner of the garage where the path begins, I patted him and said, "Go to Susan, Prince."

He ran into the teeth of the gale while I hurried back in my warm home.

Susan was waiting and suddenly she saw his black head as he made his way up the hill. She opened the door and called. "Here Prince, I have some meat scraps

for you." He wagged his tail and ran into the house. While she packed the bag, he ate his food. Giving him the bag and opening the door, she said sternly, "Prince, go home."

The phone rang. It was Susan. "Prince is on the way home", she said "and he is holding the bag tightly in his teeth to keep the wind from taking it away from him."

"I hope he makes it?" I answered, as I heard Davy crying.

It wasn't long until Prince arrived. When I opened the door, he ran proudly in and laid the bag in the middle of the kitchen floor. Wagging his tail he seemed to say, "Mission accomplished."



Prince held the bag tightly in his teeth to protect it from the wind.

Breakfast Time

Kitten

By JEAN O'NEILL

VERY early one summer morning, when I went into my back yard to water the garden, there sat the tiniest, cutest coal black little bit of a fuzzball kitten I ever saw. He was sitting right by the water faucet. He gazed up at me imploringly with lucid saucer eyes and meowed softly. I presumed he was thirsty, so I offered him a bowl of milk. He drank the bowl nearly dry. Then purred and rubbed his gratitude off on my ankles.

Naturally, I picked him up and cuddled him while I said, "Where did you come from, little one, haven't you any home?" He licked my cheek and there went my heart. He'd only come to breakfast, but he had a permanent home from that moment.

"We'll call you Inky," I told him. I wondered how Ming Toy, our full grown Chow would take to the idea of having her beautiful long slim nose broken. So I



Inky gazed at me with lucid saucer eyes.

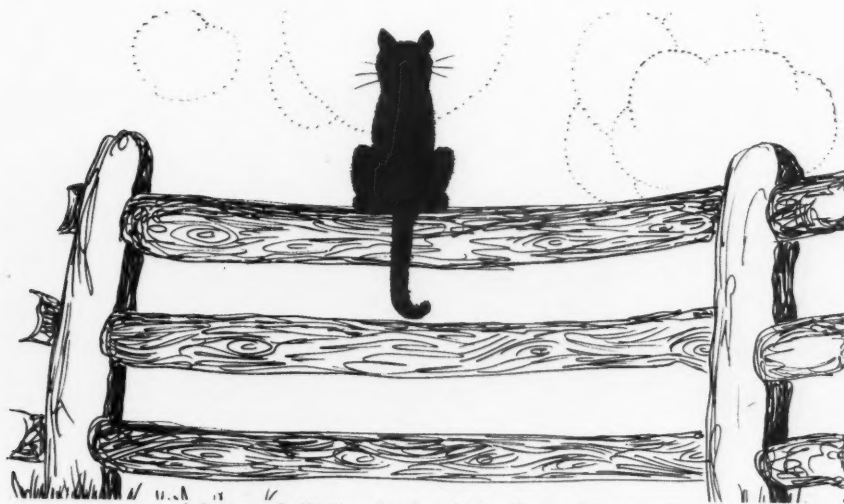
took Inky into the house and sat down on the floor with him in my lap.

Ming Toy, who had been sleeping in her favorite corner, opened her eyes and stretched lazily. "Ming, this is Inky, your new little baby brother," I said to her. She ambled over to us and started sniffing him inquisitively. "He's just a baby, Ming, so treat him gently," I cautioned.

Inky was so tiny he didn't spit at her, but tolerated her motherly advances good naturedly. When she finished sniffing him, she began to wash his face. Inky crawled out of my lap and cuddled up to her. He'd found a mother. And that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

When Inky became full grown, he and Ming Toy still played together like a couple of good children. All our friends and neighbors got a big bang out of watching them playing together.

I'm so glad Inky came to breakfast at our house that lovely summer morning and has stayed ever since.



Inky mused: "I thought the third rail was dangerous."

FROM the moment he was hatched until we took him under our wing, so to speak, "Toby" was a source of humiliation and disappointment to his mother. And no wonder! Except for a reddish-brown fuzz that covered his squat body, he didn't look like a chicken at all. His head was square and bald; his lids closed from the top instead of the bottom, revealing eyes as big and red as stop lights. His beak was hooked; his tongue thick and purplish like that of a parrot. In fact, he looked more like a parrot than he did a chicken, except that he waddled like a duck and croaked like a frog. We called him Toby, the parro-chick for want of a better name.

As he grew older, he tolerated us, but it was to "Mr. Blue," the springer spaniel, to whom he gave his devotion.

Waddling as fast as his bandy legs would let him, and croaking at the top of his lungs, he would follow Mr. Blue on his rounds to the gopher holes, to the big tree at the end of the lane and back again to the house. When Mr. Blue ate, Toby pecked from the same dish. When Mr. Blue slept, Toby settled down beside him.

And then, one morning when Toby was five months old and still no larger than a squab, he disappeared. I called and looked in places he liked to scratch for bugs, but no parro-chick.

"Find Toby, Mr. Blue!" I commanded. "Hurry! Find Toby!"

With nose to the ground, Mr. Blue circled the house, the garage, the chicken coop. Suddenly, he veered off in the direction of the grove. The cover crop had not yet been turned under and the vetch was higher than his back. I was thinking that Mr. Blue was off on the wrong track, when the vines parted and he emerged with Toby, dangling limp and bleeding from his mouth.

I made a quick examination. Sharp teeth had pierced Toby's neck. Long scratches seared his back, but he was still alive.

"Toby's done for," I thought as I fed him milk from an eye-dropper. But Toby rallied and within a few days, he was "garruping" at Mr. Blue's heels, as usual.

After that, Toby slept in a covered box on the back porch. He slept there, but he didn't like it. He was of roosting age now and he preferred the dangers of a low limb to the safety of a snug box.

It was quite a nuisance looking him up every evening and putting him to bed. I decided to let Mr. Blue do it. I showed him the box, patted it.

"Toby's bed, Mr. Blue," I said. "Get Toby."

Toby was "got" thereafter for almost a year. And then, one morning we found that he had gone wherever little parro-chicks go when they die. I wrapped him in a clean feed sack and with Mr. Blue looking on, buried him under an orange tree.

Several times during the day, Mr. Blue went to the grave, sniffled, looked baffled, came back to the house.

That evening at the usual time, Mr. Blue scratched on the kitchen door. He had brought Toby home to bed.

By popular demand we present . . .

"The Best of Mr. Blue"

Mr. Blue and the Parro-Chick

By INA LOUEZ MORRIS

"Find Toby, Mr. Blue!" I commanded. And Mr. Blue stood at attention, ready to start on his mission as soon as I finished.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Something To Crow About

By LILLIAN HVID RUNNING

WE have a cottage in the north woods which we enjoy very much. Our little six-year-old Betty especially takes a delight in watching the chipmunks. She throws crusts of bread out to them, kernels of corn and whatever else we may have on hand that they will eat. They have become used to our custom of feeding them and they will come right up to our kitchen door when it is open, sit by the screen and peer into the room as if waiting for a hand-out. This, Betty seldom fails to give them. She calls them her "Dickies".

Between our cottage and the next one, there is a large wooded, vacant lot. Here, in a high tree, lives a crow. His "Caw, Caw", is especially irritating to me when I want Betty to take a nap.

One day, failing to fall asleep on account of his continuous "caw, caw", Betty called out to him, "Stop it, Mr. Crow—you can't sing, anyway."

Why she should address him so formally, I do not know. But she always does, even now when he has become our friend.

Our friendship with Mr. Crow developed in a peculiar manner.

Some friends of ours rented the cottage next to the vacant lot. They brought with them their large, yellow tomcat who, when



"Caw, caw" warned Mr. "C" of Tomcat's approach.

he stalked through the wooded lot next to ours, looked like a miniature lion. I am sure that is how he appeared to Betty's small friends "The Dickies".

I trembled for their safety, for they had grown so friendly. But I had not counted on our friend, Mr. Crow.

One day when the little chipmunks were eating bread crumbs by our kitchen door, there came the shrill "caw, caw". But this time there was something different in the sound, something alarming.

The chipmunks must have understood, for immediately they scurried under the cottage, but not a minute too soon to avoid meeting with the neighbor's cat.

Our friends, the Browns, who had rented the cottage next to ours, grew as fond of the chipmunks as we were. They started to feed them, too, their cat was at our cottage. Mr. Crow kept a sharp look out and signalled to the chipmunks where it was safe for them to be. If the tomcat started for our cottage, say, in front of the vacant lot, Mr. Crow would call out a certain "caw, caw". Immediately the chipmunks played safely at one or the other of the cottages.

Our friends, the Browns, have now left. All is as it was, but we shall continue to be grateful to Mr. Crow for his vigilance.

In fact, I heard Betty call to him this very day.

"Mr. Crow," she said, "you can sing all you want to—we like your song."

42nd Annual SCHOOL POSTER CONTEST

Write for information: The American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave.,
Boston 15, Massachusetts

A GREAT number of schools have indicated that they will participate in The American Humane Education Society's Poster Contest this year. Staff members are now preparing to receive the thousands of posters and ready them for the judges' scrutiny. All entries must reach 180 Longwood Avenue by February 24, 1961. Awards for prize-winning posters include a six-month subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS and pins.

The awards are scheduled for distribution during Be Kind to Animals Week, May 7-13, 1961.

Neatness, originality and careful work receive as much consideration in the judging as art ability. The American Humane Education Society is looking forward to accepting many outstanding posters this year.

Leave It to the Beavers

By JOHN M. WHITE

ON a small stream in Maine, two young beavers had decided to build their pond and house just above the bend in the stream. At this particular bend, the water was quite swift, and continued so for several hundred yards downstream.

Each day it was necessary for me to pass where the beavers were working. Naturally their activities interested me. They certainly lived up to that old saying, "Working like a beaver." As fast as they carried mud, sticks and grass to make the dam, the current carried it away.

After several days of work the beavers disappeared. I thought probably some poacher had either shot or trapped them. This seemed a shame as they had tried so hard to make a home for themselves.

Three weeks later as I was passing the place where I had last seen the beavers, I heard a splashing sound. I thought it was fish jumping for an insect. The noise continued. Lying flat on my stomach, I crept through the brush to the bank of the

stream. Sure enough, there were the two beavers and an old beaver. It was one of the largest I had ever seen.

Why had the young beavers gone for the old one? The reason was easily seen. The old beaver had gone downstream where the current was not too swift and put in a splash dam, this is a temporary dam to cut down the strength of the current. Then going upstream for several hundred feet they put in another splash dam. They continued this procedure until they had put in five of these dams. The current was now slowed down enough for the young beavers to put their permanent dam where they wanted it.

The old beaver left before I did. When I left, the young beavers had the permanent dam high enough to keep the water in the pond from freezing below the entrance to the house which they were now building.

Sometimes I wonder if we humans give enough credit to those whom we consider Dumb Animals.



Book Review

By DAVID A. RYAN

WINTER-SLEEPING WILDLIFE, by Will Barker, illustrated by Carl Burger, Harper and Brothers, publishers, New York, 136 XVII pages, copyright 1958, \$3.00.

WHEN the days commence growing short and the sun's rays are inadequate to dispel the chill in the air, animals must be prepared for winter. Some birds head for warmer climes via age old migration routes. Others eke out an existence from available natural food. Still others move close to the haunts of man, benefitting from the generosity of people providing seeds and suet.

What happens to the many animals common to the summer countryside? Where do the woodchucks, turtles, snakes and ladybird beetles spend the long cold winter? Young people often ask these questions.

WINTER-SLEEPING WILDLIFE gives the answers in highly readable form. It is not a child's book, but junior high school age children will have no difficulty mastering it. Adults, anyone, curious about the denizens of the wild and hibernation will enjoy the book. Hibernation, a way of survival during adverse conditions, is a fascinating phenomenon itself. Because it is only one phase of an animal's life cycle the related functions are described in detail.

Naturalists, parents of school children and school libraries will find the book filling a definite need for information. It is accurate and well written.

**BIRDS FEEDING
IS A
WINTER MUST!**

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Mr. Mouse was full of nervous activity, dragging his tail behind.

Of Mice

By LELA PUFFER

I WAS walking across the lawn one morning after a rainstorm, when I stopped in my tracks. There was a tiny mouse, hardly more than a baby, reared up on his hind legs, defending himself spunkily against the inquisitive nose of our cocker, Taffy.

Such courage deserved help. I grabbed Taffy's collar and checked her impatience while I gathered up the bedraggled baby to carry him to warmth and safety to recover if he were not too badly hurt.

Our toddler Joannie watched him raptly. Completely fascinated she kept a running commentary on his actions.

He slept for a time, a furry ball. The tip of his very pointed nose rested in the dry grasses we provided for him to make him feel at home. His breathing was very quick. He seemed to breathe with his whole body.

Then he was wide wake, full of nervous activity, dragging his tail carelessly be-

hind. He grasped the cheese offered him with bony perfect, incredibly tiny grasping fists. He ate with quivering nibbles, his whiskers tucked neatly back. His eyes were bright jet beads. When he finished, he groomed himself as a kitten, with quick, restless strokes until he was all neat again.

When he seemed completely recovered again we took him back to the place where we had originally found him, and watched while the baby mouse scurried into the flower border. He was probably off to his home to tell a tale that would hardly seem credible to the rest of his family and acquaintances.

Mice are timid but resourceful. One time my family and I had been touring in the East for several days. I have no way of knowing whether or not we had had a mother mouse and her baby as stowaways at the start of the trip. However, one day as I was seated in the rear seat entertaining our three-year-old, the two of us were

startled to see the mother mouse skittering across the floor of the car as fast as she could go holding her baby by the nape of the neck. She disappeared hastily in under the regions of the back seat.

We never saw them again, but we hope our traveling mates dismounted and found better home at the first opportunity.

My mother-in-law told us that once, in the stillness of a long winter's evening at the lonely farm house where she lived at one time, she heard a strange chirping sound like that of a canary. The sound was traced to the old fashioned pantry, where she discovered a mouse who seemed to be singing joyfully for his supper. Needless to say, he feasted well that evening.

When I come upon one, perhaps crouched close and still on my cellar shelves, with its beady black eyes and twitching long whiskers, I regret that he is not a proper creature to be cuddled and made a pet, so appealing in appearance is he.

ANIMALS IN



Photo by Phil Blanchard

COME ON! LET'S GO!

Quack-Quack, the eight-month-old mallard duck, that has partially adopted the Fuller family of Lakeview Avenue, Amesbury, still remains half wild and half tame. His tameness extends to a real friendship with Tinker, the family's golden retriever. He likes nothing better than to light on Tinker's back and take a ride over the snow covered fields, after which they both return home for an expected feeding.

BOTTLE BABY

Nancy Larsen, of Mendon, Utah, has a kitten named Fluff who was raised on a doll's nursing bottle after its mother was killed when Fluff was only a week old. Nancy says it took a lot of patience, understanding and love to get the kitten to nurse the bottle. She used to set the alarm several times each night so she could get up for another feeding. Fluff slept in a little box in the girl's bedroom to make it easier. The kitten still loves a bottle and can even hold it all alone.

Photo by Glen Perrins



normally don't have landmarks on their way to the Massachuset... rescue and... 1087 local... from other... license tag," said J. public relations director. the city in...

Humane Education Society, is now in full swing. We anticipate an increase in the over five thousand entries in the School children's contest last year. The B.A. subscription... attract...

people may have and will include President Eric H. Hansen, Vice-President William A. Swallow, and... of the... Robert Smith, Executive Assistant, J. Robert McLane, Director of Public Relations and Miss McGee, of the same...

Mr. John C. Macfarlane, Director of the Livestock Conservation Department of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., states that... beyond doubt the... of automa... He furth... not be installed, farmers obeying a few common sense rules, could... barn and stable...

THE NEWS

BOTTLE FED FILLY

Things are looking up for this new-born filly whose mother, a mare named Q-T-Pye, died six hours after giving birth. Owners Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Diczak, of St. Petersburg, Fla., had been combing the area for a brood mare, hoping to save the filly's life. In the meantime the Diczak children, Stevelyn, six, and Diane, eight, tried to bottle feed the filly until something better turned up. Just in time, the offer of a loan for thirty days of a brood mare was received.

Times Photo by George Trabant



Photo by William Tague

SHALL WE DANCE?

Arthur Murray has nothing on our two animal friends as they practice their routine for the annual Winter Wonderland Ball. Rover and Ducky frequently frolic about much to the delight of their friend Bill Tague of the Berkshire Eagle, in Pittsfield. They posed just long enough for Bill to snap this picture before continuing their intricate dance.



Arctic sled dogs have been "hardened off" and can sleep under snow in sub zero weather.

H. M. Lambert

"Baby, It's Cold Outside!"

By HARRY MILLER, DIRECTOR

Gaines Research Center

WE have all read of the Arctic sled dogs that sleep out in the snow in temperatures far below zero. These hardy dogs, after pulling a heavy sled for many hours, burrow down into the snow and sleep as peacefully as any of their city cousins in steam-heated apartments. The snow acts as insulation. Their long outer coats do the same, as well as keeping moisture away from their skins. And their woolly undercoats help keep them as snug as we would be under several blankets.

With cold weather's arrival, we should give serious thought to the comfort of our own pets. Even small dogs may enjoy a romp in the snow, but winter can be a time of discomfort for dogs without thoughtful owners. Although the average dog will grow a heavier coat in winter, we can't count on nature to provide every last bit of protection for the short coated breeds. Arctic sled dogs are "hardened off" and kept outside in the most bitter weather, but a house dog which is used to indoor

temperatures may well catch cold if put outdoors to exercise without a snug house or box on the porch to curl up in.

The dog that's grown accustomed to living indoors presents even more of a problem, particularly when you walk him on cold nights. Remember, he just stepped out of the same heated home you did, but you have the advantage of an overcoat. Even the smoothhaired house pet does not need a sweater or jacket if he is taken out for a *brisk* walk. Keep your dog moving briskly and get him home if he shows signs of getting chilled. However, he should have some covering if he is standing around outside, or going in the car for any distance. Boots are a good protection against salt and chemicals on snowy streets and sidewalks. Otherwise be sure to clean off your pet's feet when he comes back indoors.

If your dog sleeps outside, his house should be "winterized", if it has not al-

ready been done. Make sure that his house is in good repair for winter. Remember that the dog's body heat cannot warm it up during the night, nor should it be so large that the dog's body heat cannot warm it up during the night, nor should it be so small that its occupant cannot stretch out comfortably. The dog house should have double walls for insulation and should have a flap over the entrance of material heavy enough to stay shut, e.g. a heavy blanket. A piece of rug or heavy blanket will keep out drafts and blowing snow, but make sure the house is facing away from the prevailing wind, too. Deep bedding, whether straw or shavings or a blanket he can rumple, will help to keep him comfortable.

Make sure the outdoors dog gets fresh water twice daily, and if his food is warm he will enjoy it more. Remember he needs a little extra food in cold weather, also.

With care and common sense on your part, your dog will survive the coldest winter in good health and fine spirits.

Here and There

Indian Legend

IT is a fact that certain North American Indians were in the habit, when possible, of burying a dead dog with the remains of a child for the touching reason that the child might not be able to find its way in the realm of the spirits but that the dog, which can always find its way home, will lead it along the right path.

—Sir Bertram Windle

THE best portions of a man's life are his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness.

—William Wadsworth

WE should remember in our dealings with animals that they are a sacred trust to us from our Heavenly Father. They are dumb and cannot speak for themselves.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe

FOR fidelity, devotion and love many a two-legged animal is below the dog and cat and the horse. Happy would it be for thousands of people if they could stand before the Judgment Seat and say, "I have loved as truly and as decently as my dog." And yet we call them "only brutes."

—Henry Ward Beecher

THERE is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision.

—W. James

IF I had a child that feared a dog I would try to find out just what instilled that fear into him and the best means of correcting it, for certainly the boy that fears a dog is abnormal, for he sees dogs every day. Also I would take steps to teach him about dogs and remove that fear. It is not normal.

—Ken-L-Bits

AN authority on children recently declared that if every child in the nation had a dog to love, and be loved by, there would hardly be a juvenile delinquency problem.

THE world usually pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go. If going up, they push him up; if going down, they push him down—gravitation, however, making the speed great in the decline.

—George F. Train



Black Wildebeest, a strange animal, generally known as the Gnu.

Something Old, Something Gnu!

By H. C. LAKE

MOTHER Nature is usually quite consistent in her creations. But when she gave us an animal with the head, neck and shoulders of a buffalo, the mane of a donkey, the body and tail of a horse, the legs and feet of an antelope, and in some of the species added vertical stripes, she certainly produced an ungainly creature of almost comical appearance.

The animal referred to above is generally known as the gnu but the Boers call it wildebeest. It is somewhat smaller than the horse and the withers are higher than the haunches. Scientists classify it as a member of the antelope family but I doubt if an antelope would recognize it or even own it as belonging to his family tree. Both male and female gnus have horns which differ from the horns of any other animal as they grow downward, then upward, and are curved again at the tips. Some natural histories do not even mention the gnu. The scientific writers who condescend to write of him give him such scant attention that perhaps they consider him a huge joke.

The bulls are the sentinels which look out for danger. Gnus go in herds and, as they are timid and not well equipped to defend themselves, they are easily stampeded. They rely mostly on speed for safety.

Gnus live in treeless lowlands of Africa. They never wander far from waterholes where they mingle on equal terms with zebras and quaggas. Gnus like horses, get up forefeet first. This gives them a chance to survey the landscape for danger before they venture away. Gnus formerly lived in great abundance in Africa but, since their flesh is good to eat and civilized man has fast encroached upon their haunts, their number has greatly diminished and there is a possibility of their becoming extinct.

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Washington's "Prisoner"

By VINCENT EDWARDS

YOU will look in vain through all our history books for an account of the British prisoner that General George Washington captured at the battle of Germantown, on October 4, 1777.

The histories give a quite different account of that engagement. Instead of being a great American victory, it was a sad and humiliating defeat, all because two companies of the Continental troops mistook each other for the enemy and fired on each other again and again.

The panic that followed was terrible. The patriot army's retreat became a rout, and not even the brave Commander-in-Chief was able to stop it. The American troops did not halt until they were twenty miles from the scene of the battle.

But it was there that they found they had made one "capture." Somehow a little dog had got mixed up in all that noise and confusion, and had followed them all the way.

Even Washington had to smile when he learned about that English dog that was the army's "prisoner."

But his sense of humanity soon expressed itself in a kindly deed. Sending an aide with a flag of truce, he had that little dog taken back to the British headquarters of General Howe. The note which the aide delivered read as follows:

"General Washington's compliments to General Howe. He does himself the pleasure to return to him a dog, which accidentally fell into his hands, and by the inscription on the collar, appears to belong to General Howe."

Wasn't that an act worthy of a great man? It is doubtful if many important generals, smarting under the blow of a bitter defeat, would have performed so humane a deed for the enemy commander, at such a time.



Lincoln Loved Pets

By JEWELL CASEY

NOT only did Abraham Lincoln command the love and respect of his fellowman, but animals, especially dogs, also loved him.

One day "Abe" and a boyhood friend found a dog suffering from a broken leg. After tenderly dressing the leg, Abe carried the dog to a secluded cavern where he took food and water to it until the leg was thoroughly healed. He then took the dog, which he had named "Honey," home with him and of course was permitted to keep it. Honey loved his benefactor with all of his dog heart and saved his master's life at least once. Abe was caught in a cave-in in a cavern, and the devoted dog brought help to the imprisoned lad.

Another time Lincoln showed a tenderness for a small dog when he waded through icy water and carried the dog across a stream. On this occasion the Lincoln family was moving from Indiana to Illinois. The family dog usually trotted along under the cover wagon and was, at times taken inside, but this time the dog was not in sight when the wagon reached a river thick with chunks of ice. Upon reaching the bank of the stream and seeing the wagon going over the hill on the other side, the poor dog howled long and piteously, until it was rescued by its young master.

On one occasion, the White House cat had kittens and the dog had puppies on the same day. Excitement ran high—the President and his children were equally pleased. Lincoln even went so far as to announce the births to all officials who called that day!

In Fort Wayne, Indiana, there is a large bronze statue—"Abraham Lincoln—The Hoosier Youth," showing young Lincoln with his hand tenderly caressing the head of a hound seated at his side. This memorial is, indeed, a true and beautiful concept of Lincoln as a young man. The dog in the statue symbolizes Lincoln's great love for animals.

DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER



A DOG WILL SHARE THE COMPANY OF 100 U.S. ARMY ENGINEERS WHO WILL SPEND NEXT WINTER INSIDE GREENLAND'S POLAR ICE CAP AS AN EXPERIMENT IN SURVIVAL IN CASE OF A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST



EX-PRESIDENT TRUMAN ONCE RECEIVED SEVERAL MASTIFFS AS A GIFT FROM INDONESIA

IN NAIROBI, KENYA, THERE IS A WAITING LIST FOR DOGS OF WOULD-BE OWNERS ANXIOUS TO PROTECT THEIR HOMES

© 1960, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

FEBRUARY is indeed a famous month—a month in which we celebrate the birthday of our two most famous Presidents; a month of valentines; a month that, according to legend, sets aside a day, February 2, as Groundhog Day. On this day, say old-wives tales, the groundhog awakens from his long winter's sleep, blinks his eyes, stretches and awkwardly makes his way to the mouth of his den. There he sleepily looks around and if he should see his shadow he knows that for the next six weeks the weather will be cold and stormy. So, back he goes to his nest to continue his snooze until the warm weather arrives. However, if it is a cloudy day and the animal's body casts no shadow, then he knows that spring is at hand and he begins his hunt for food after his long fast. Oddly enough, this legend still persists. Many people continue to believe it, although, of course, there is no basis of fact in the story.

Perhaps, it is because of this legend that many people seem to know the groundhog only by that name. Actually, of course, he is the woodchuck, or, as the French Canadians call him, *siffleur*, for reasons that will be described later.

But, however he may be called, the woodchuck is an interesting animal, unhurried, solemn, often spending half of each year in sleep. It is in October or November, the time varying as to climate, that the groundhog seeks the bed of grasses in his underground home. There he curls up for his long winter's nap, or the "little death," as it is sometimes called, and does not emerge until mild weather makes its appearance, usually in March.

The family of the mother woodchuck usually arrives some time during April or the first two weeks in May. The babies, ordinarily about four in number, are about four inches long, hairless, pink and wrinkled.

For its home, the groundhog tunnels into the earth, making several side tunnels with one or more entrances, hidden in grass or brush so that the animal may escape the attention of its natural enemies. When danger approaches, he emits a low whistle that has earned him the name *siffleur*, or "whistle-pig."

Ordinarily, this slow-moving creature stays on the ground, but when necessary, it can climb trees in a hurry and has been seen to feed on the leaves and fruits anywhere from ten to fifty feet off the ground. Nor does water deter it from reaching a desired goal. It is an expert if sluggish swimmer, using the dog-paddle method of most animals.

Except for its inroads into garden produce or grain fields the woodchuck is a very valuable animal, especially to its fellow animals. Many a fox, opossum, weasel and rabbit have found his extra dens an excellent shelter and even a permanent home.

One of his distinguishing characteristics is his short tail, the cause of which is explained in an old Indian legend. It seems that a pack of wolves had cornered a woodchuck and were about to devour him, but their prey put them off by offering to teach them a new dance.

The wolves, intrigued, accepted the idea and the woodchuck instructed them that he would lean against a number of trees and sing. Each time he did this the wolves were to dance out in front. They took to the idea immediately and each tree the woodchuck selected drew him nearer and nearer to his den which was under a nearby stump.

At last, he instructed the wolves that the next dance would be the last and that when he gave the word they could take after him. His last song was his longest and he kept it up until the wolves were far out in front. Then he gave the word and made a dive for his hole with the wolves in hot pursuit. And just as he was about to enter the burrow, the foremost wolf succeeded in catching his tail and breaking it off. Mr. Woodchuck escaped, but ever since that time he and his descendants have had short tails.

Monsieur Siffleur

By ALAN MITCHELL



The YOUNG

Pen-Pals Unlimited

ATENTION! All junior high and high schoolers! Animals Pen-Pal Club has members of many countries between the ages of twelve to eighteen who are anxious to write to you in English or in their own language. This school year extend your circle of friends to include at least one boy or girl, one young man or young woman from another country. This can be a practical application of your present language studies. Perhaps, in the near future you may even exchange visits instead of letters. Geographical knowledge of this world is very important in this jet age. The time barrier has been surmounted. Let us surmount the language barrier.

Write: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Massachusetts.



Don't Delay — 8 to 18 yrs. old — Do It Today!

Write: Mr. Governor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Massachusetts

Join: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club Now!

BE the first one in your neighborhood to receive a letter from a new pen pal overseas. Learn about the rest of the young people in the world and their pets and the animals of their lands. Eventually you may swap everything from stamps to visits.

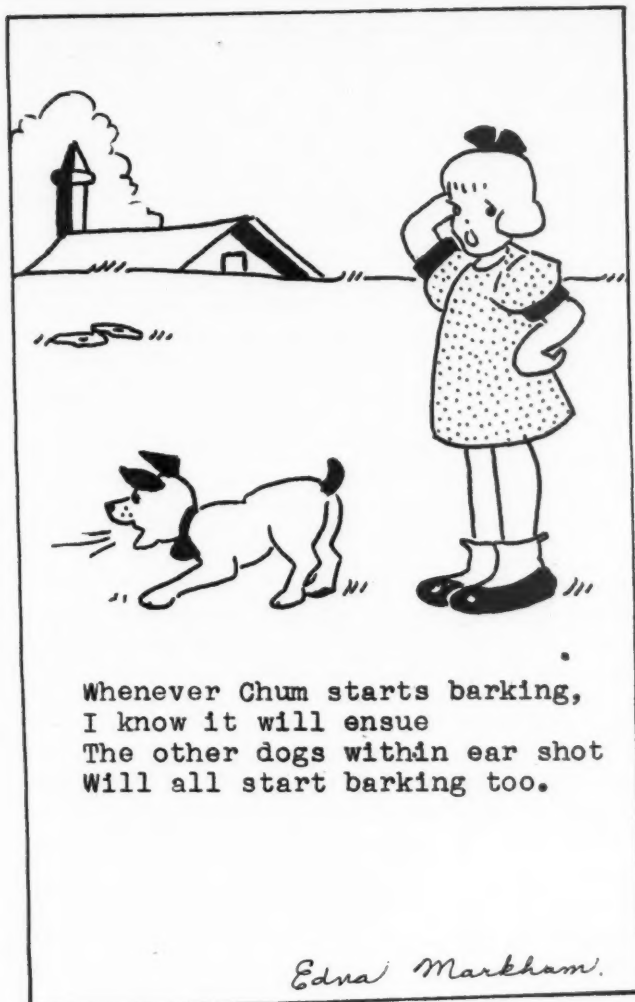
VALENTINE RESOLUTIONS

1. Love my pet more and play with him often.
2. Feed regularly; but not to overfeed.
3. Bathe when needed.
4. Protect from heat and cold.
5. Exercise sensibly.

JANUARY'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS: Across—1. HR, 3. BOOT, 4. RY, 6. ERE, 7. BOOK, 8. AN, 9. COAL, 11. ARK, 12. DR. Down—1. HORN, 2. ROE, 3. BEAR, 4. ROAR, 5. YOLK, 7. BOAR, 10. IVY.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

READER'S Pages



Whenever Chum starts barking,
I know it will ensue
The other dogs within ear shot
Will all start barking too.

Edna Markham.

Do you love animals? Then don't miss:

CRITTER CORNER

WHERE: Channel 4, WBZ-TV

WHEN: Every Saturday morning, 9:00 to 9:45 a.m.

WHO: John Macfarlane, host, and

an assortment of fascinating animal friends.
EVEN YOUR PETS WILL LIKE IT!

FEBRUARY'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS: Across 2. VIM, 4. HAT, 6. AXE, 7. VI, 9. RE, 11. ERA, 12. GL, 13. GEO, 14. SS. Down—1. CHERRIES, 2. VA, 3. MA, 5. TV, 8. IN, 10. EA, 11. EGGS.

Have you an interesting story about your pet, one that you think other boys and girls would like to read? If so, we should be glad to have you send it in. If you have a good clear picture of yourself and pet send that too. The story should be short, and, of course, your own composition. Give your age and have your mother or teacher certify that the story is original with you.

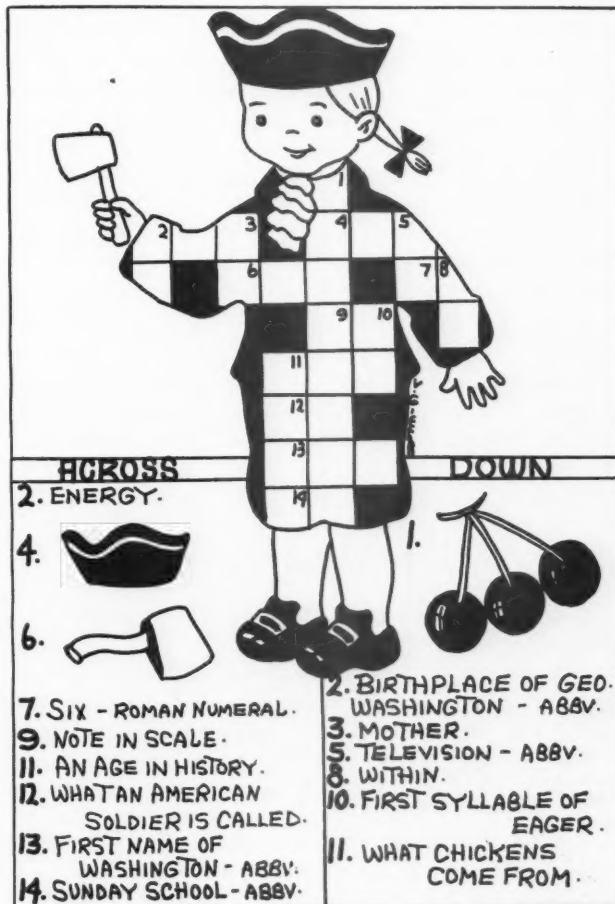
All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Winter Time Is Bird Feeding Time

Bluejays, Chickadees, Phoebe's, Robins, Sparrows and Starlings remain in the Northern climate all winter long and depend on humans for their food.

Next Door: "Do you know that your dog barks all night?"

Neighbor: "Yes, but don't worry about him. He sleeps all right in the daytime."



ACROSS

2. ENERGY.

4.

6.

7. SIX - ROMAN NUMERAL.

9. NOTE IN SCALE.

11. AN AGE IN HISTORY.

12. WHAT AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IS CALLED.

13. FIRST NAME OF WASHINGTON - ABBV.

14. SUNDAY SCHOOL - ABBV.

DOWN

1.

2. BIRTHPLACE OF GEO. WASHINGTON - ABBV.

3. MOTHER.

5. TELEVISION - ABBV.

8. WITHIN.

10. FIRST SYLLABLE OF EAGER.

11. WHAT CHICKENS COME FROM.

BOOK REVIEW

By DAVID A. RYAN

DOG OBEDIENCE TRAINING, by Milo Pearsall and Charles G. Leedham. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, copyright 1958. 372 pages. \$4.95.

THE old maxim that you can "catch more flies with honey than with vinegar" is most apropos when training a dog. This does not preclude disciplining the dog when necessary, but does place strong emphasis on gentle and humane methods of handling your pet. The authors emphasize this point over and over again. Only in very rare instances do they suggest that force be employed and then only with open fingers. This is to be applied *only* in cases of positive misbehavior uncontrollable in no other way and *never* because the dog failed to do something. The authors truly understand dogs and communicate this understanding in an easily read manner.

An important section of the book deals with selecting a puppy and what to expect after he is brought home. Every prospective owner will profit from a careful reading of this. Other pertinent areas for dog owners are also covered, such as; feeding and health, traveling with the dog, and causes of individual problem, with suggestions for correction. This is in addition to extensive information on training dogs for show or for companionable pets.

The philosophy expressed by Pearsall and Leedham, if followed by dog owners, will result in a happy relationship between dog and man.

The Way Of A Boy

A little boy was just closing the deal for a newly weaned puppy. He had picked the one he wanted from the litter and was preparing to depart when the kennel owner had a moment of doubt. "Oh dear," she said, "perhaps I shouldn't let that one go. I'm not sure he is big enough to eat yet."

A look of terrible alarm flashed to the boy's face. "Gosh, lady," he breathed. "I don't want to eat him—I love him."

SCIENCE FAIR

WHAT distinguishes a *sensible science fair project* from one that is not? We believe one criterion lies in youngsters choosing a subject that not only will challenge them, but, of the utmost importance, is within the realm of their capabilities.

The young people entering science fairs are in junior or senior high school and prepare a long-range research project for exhibition. They are normally curious people with a tremendous opportunity to explore and investigate some aspect of science.

Many good science fair projects *do* involve animals. An example of a sensible and acceptable project recently came to our attention. A junior high school girl is trying to discover "How the Cat Purrs". Sounds simple and very commonplace, doesn't it? But veterinarians are not positive how the purr is produced. Is the phenomenon so ordinary that it has largely been taken for granted all these years?

The young lady of junior high school age discovered a challenging animal project that will not harm her pet. This should indicate to high school teachers and students that oft-repeated experiments inflicting pain and suffering are needless. Many projects, which come to our attention tend to border on cruelty to animals. Such projects we, of course, cannot condone, nor do we believe that any good could possibly be derived from them.

If young people wish to use animals in a science fair project, there are plenty of areas to explore that are not detrimental to the animals involved. A telephone call or letter to The American Humane Education Society will give the teachers or students information that can be used as a yardstick to measure the worth and effect of their proposed projects.

Reference Fund Report

YOUR response to the appeal for our reference fund has enabled us, The American Humane Education Society, to obtain several volumes up to this time. With such a good beginning we earnestly hope your support will continue.

Your contribution should be made to The American Humane Education Society's REFERENCE FUND.

PROJECT BRAILLE

THE list of eligible repositories is nearing completion and those libraries and schools that have been approved by our Societies are now being invited to participate in our Lending Library of Braille Animals Editions. Approximately 100 braille editions have been set aside for the purpose of being offered for sale to our readers who would like to make a personal gift of the 1st Braille Edition of OUR DUMB ANIMALS to a blind friend or relative. The price of such an edition is \$5.00, which includes the cost of postage and handling. Please send your \$5.00 check or money order to ANIMALS: Project Braille, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. Include the name of the person who is to receive the braille edition and we will mail it directly to them with proper notice given to both you and the recipient of this transaction. What better way to spread the gospel of KINDNESS to our unseeing friends, than by enabling them to vicariously experience animal life through the braille pages of OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

The goal of Project Braille for 1961 is to enlarge its circulation among our unseeing friends, and also, to add a new feature to its program. . .

There are thousands of people, young and old alike, who though not sightless are unable to read even the legible type of ANIMALS magazine. This year, 1961, it is the hope of the ANIMALS' Editorial Staff to produce at least one "SIGHT-SAVING" edition of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, printed in large sight-saving type: below is an example of the size of type to be used

"Beautiful Hands Are Giving Hands"

Certainly, there are many of your loved ones who have been robbed of the joy of reading in the past few years. They are not sightless, yet, the mental adventures of the printed page is beyond their grasp.

This year you have an opportunity to aid the sightless: PROJECT BRAILLE, and the poor-sighted: PROJECT SIGHT-SAVER. Send your gift today, whatever the amount to ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.: Project Braille or Project Sight-Saver, att.: Mr. Governor.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1960 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be ready for mailing soon. The price for this handsome volume, bound in Forest Green imitation leather and stamped with gold, is now only \$3.00.

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The Post Office Department has asked us to cooperate in helping to achieve the most efficient method of delivering your magazines. We have pledged our support. To this end we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in cities that have zones. **PLEASE, whenever writing to us, include your city postal zone number in your address—and when you move, please send your old address as well as your new one, with zones, if any.**

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50 - 99 Subscriptions — \$1.00 each
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Each year we receive many applications from students at veterinary colleges requesting that, upon graduation, they be considered for our internship program. These applications are carefully evaluated and six of the most capable applicants are selected to intern at our hospital for a period of fifteen months.

To become a veterinarian, a minimum of six years' education is required. Sometimes, students who are most anxious to serve their internships with us do not apply because they are unable to cope with the financial burden of this additional study time. Some of the men selected are married and have children, and can intern only at considerable hardship to themselves and to their families.

We hope that our good friends and members will wish to help out these young veterinarians by contributing a scholarship, the cost of which is \$3,000. This amount may be given in a lump sum or be spread over a period of time. Furthermore, anyone wishing to donate a partial scholarship may do so.

We cannot emphasize strongly enough that only through the continuance of this very important program can we hope to impart to these new veterinarians our wealth of knowledge which will contribute to improved care and treatment of our animal friends. As a result of these internships scientific studies and writings are made available for the benefit of animals everywhere—not only in this country but throughout the entire world.

Such gifts, which are deductible under existing Internal Revenue rulings, may be sent to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

